THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

——"*Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice.*"
SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Easy,

When a person, stimulated by an ardor for the promo-ion of general good, comes forward upon proper occa-ions, to encourage the undertakings of virtue or to coun-eract the machinations of vice; I shall always be wil-ing to confess myself one of the most prominent, in ren-ering due tribute to his meritorious exertions. But hen an individual under the influence of needless alarm d mistaken zeal, uses his powers to detract from the me-s of a literary production of avowed reputation and ints out tendencies which are not easily substantiat-, through an unbounded prejudice to a whole class or rticular nation, I shall ever consider such person un-endly to the true interests of society and opposed to that ogress in literary taste which can only be made by dili-nt study of the best models and authorities.

A writer in your 27th number appears to have his "*ho-t indignation*" roused at my recommendation of *Schil-'s* ROBBERS to the notice and approbation of the pub-k—With his imagination charged with the horrible con-racies detailed by the Abbé Barruel, and the conse-nces so woefully experienced; he considers this pro-ction as one of the engines to be employed in the dread-work of destruction, and is astonished to find that t was so completely objectionable should find an ad-ate. This astonishment appears strange when he him-notices the Essay upon the German Theatre in the nsactions of the Edinburgh Society; by an author of wed taste and virtue. The Gentleman also cannot be orant that the English reviewers have thought it wor-their notice and commendation, and yet these pro-fess themselves judges and censors of what is, or is not, conducive to the improvement and happiness of their fel-low-citizens—He cannot entertain doubts either of Mac-kinzie's capacity for judging or attachment to the inte-rests of society; for his works have sufficiently display-ed both. How comes it then, that this harmless play, should be reserved until this day for the unlimited ani-madversions of the writer who signs himself *Iwan?* And that upon the mere appearance of its having pleased, he should take occasion to vent his spleen against Infi-dels and innovaters from times of old-fashioned writers, to the days of *Voltaire*, *D'alembert* and the *philanthropick Godwin?* Such a torrent of disapprobation as is poured ont against these mischievous disturbers of society, I cer-tainly did not calculate upon: Unconscious myself of any harm, I did not expect the thunder was to explode so violently and extensively; I hope and trust, and I am sure Mr. Easy will join me in the wish; that its punish-ing effects will be felt, and that every vapour of Infidel-ity and modern philosophy will be entirely dispersed and destroyed. And before I proceed to examine more parti-cularly, the remarks and criticisms upon the Robbers, in opposition to mine already published, I must acquaint this writer, that whatever has a vicious and criminal ten-dency in writing, whatever savours of the school of the *En-cyclopedits* and *Godwin* has my hearty disapprobation, and will ever meet with as much opposition and censure as he seems disposed to feel and bestow.

The principle of fatalism which pervades the piece, is, it seems, what has subjected its author to such unbound-ed and I think undeserved censure as to its immoral and mischievous tendency. If the principle as here exhibit-ed is fraught with such serious and alarming consequen-ces, our library directors must incur much censure, for as-sisting in its universal propogation; for I know no bet-ter method to gain that end than by placing such a book in a publick library. The fact is, no such danger is to be

apprehended at all, and it is by no means evident, that any was meant by the author.

This gentleman only *presumes* that Schiller was one of that disorganizing set which put their plans in operation about his time, and thinks that the style of the *Robbers* is such as to countenance the conjecture that it was one amongst the many means used to gain success. We should beware how we condemn anothers intentions so seriously, upon conjecture merely; especially when these intentions are by no means obvious from the play itself. If the principle of Fatalism is dangerous; *Schiller* seems determined to let its antidote go along with it; for Moor's moral perceptions appear to be as keen as if actuated by no such principle.

If the author had intended that Fatalism should be all powerful and without appeal; he should have imitated the ancients who represented horrible acts as proceeding from some such cause, without being followed by any thing like consciousness of criminality and regret. The sacrifices of *Iphigenia* by her father and the immolation of the daughter of *Hecuba* upon the tomb of *Achilles* excited no idea of wrong and of retribution. Fatalism, which this certainly is in the strict sense of the word, is dreadful indeed; but in the character of *Moor*, as I have hinted in my former essay, if this writer had attended to it, it resembles more a delirium or madness proceeding from the shock his mind had just sustained. We see no cool deliberative acknowledgement of it by *Moor* as the effect of reason—for though apparently present to his mind it produces no effect which he does not regret and consider liable to future punishment.

How can that infatuation be said to have a contagious tendency, when we perceive the same consequences from the conduct of him who is subject to it, as would result to any other free agent?—He confesses and laments his crimes, sheds tears of remorse, regrets his former innocence, and delivering himself up to justice, expects also that He who is hereafter to judge him, will claim retribution for his enormities. Surely here is no triumph of Fatalism—nor can I conceive why the remark should be applied to the *Robbers* which says that "when that doc-"trine has once got access there is no longer any security "against the most wicked actions being committed, while "those who commit them think themselves blameless, as "the agents simply of some superior power? what then "are we to expect when all moral restraints are remov-"ed," &c. If this censure will not bear application to *Moor*'s Fatalism, the whole of the written remarks and all the expositions and denunciations which were generated out of this one imaginary cause of censure, must fall to the ground; and I conceive that like Mackenzie and myself, most other readers of the production, will be more occupied in admiring the beauty of the composition, and the accuracy of the characters as founded in nature, than in prying into remote dangers; I apprehend it may still be permitted to have free circulation.

The influence it had upon the school-boys at *Fribourg* seems to have an irresistible effect upon the mind of this moralist, but the objection is lost, granting the story to be true, which is certainly doubtful; when we consider they were nothing more than youths, and like most others of their age of warm imaginations and tempers. I should feel no more surprised at this story than if they had fallen in love with the exploits of *Amachis de Gaul* or *Don Beliani of Greece*, and sallied out with spear and shield in search of adventures. To treat the matter seriously however, I should draw conclusions directly opposite to those he has made. I should not conclude that these youths, ignorant of the world, had been enamoured with the vices of Moor; I should think it more natural, that a generous indignation against villains and inhumanity, and an admiration for one, though of some faults, of great and noble qualities suffering the reverses of life; had roused in them correspondant feelings and thus burned with impatience to give them vent.

Though this writer pretends to no critical investigation of the composition and plan of the piece, he occasionally animadverts to, and discovers in some instances faults which I consider beauties. These I shall now notice, in the order they occur, and as briefly as possible; as I do not consider a periodical paper calculated for lengthy controversies of any kind.

Iwan agrees with the opinion, that this play discovers "talents in the writer and a more than ordinary acquaint-"ance with the human heart." He allows also, that there are "some scenes extremely well managed, and highly af-fecting," and that there is "a splendor, a boldness, an "energy in the character of Moor, which blended with "a considerable degree of humanity and amiability ren-"der him highly interesting." He allows that morality is inculcated, but observes that no new lesson is taught, and at the same time remarks that we learn also, that vice is pu-nished even in this world. I confess it is difficult for me to re-concile such a character of this play with the leading one he gives it, viz. that it is of an irreligious & pernicious tendency.

The opinion also of the author's talents appears rather lukewarm and moderate; I feel inclined to agree with the Author of the Man of Feeling when he says "No mo-"dern Poet seems to possess powers so capable of bendin-

"the mind before him, of rousing its feelings by the "elevation of his sentiments, or of thrilling them with "the terrors of his imagination."

In my former essay I considered the association of *Moor* as improper, and endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon it, which need not now be repeated. If *Schiller* has erred so has *Shakespear*; for the famous instance of *Prince Henry* may be here quoted; and it is worthy of observation, that in both instances, the representation is precisely the same. Both held their associates in perfect contempt, as mere instruments of their schemes, and were prepared to throw them off when no longer necessary. I am much mortified that this writer should differ so widely from me on the subject of *Moor*'s accepting the command of the Robbers. I had endeavored at some length to prove by a comparison with two of *Shakespear*'s characters, that this very conduct was appropriate and natural, under all the circumstances of *Moor*'s temper and unfortunate situation: I considered it an effort of much skill in *Schiller*, and I cannot help thinking this *Iwan* will upon an attentive reconsideration discover his misconception. He will find that *Moor* did not cooly and calmnly accept the offer, as the result of a particular taste for that kind of life, or because his companions were to be of the party. His mind had been previously made up, to return to an honorable life in the bosom of his family, and he was at that very moment awaiting the issue of his penetential letter to a father, who he knew doated on him. The disappointment was like a stroke of electricity to his heart—all was instantaneously madness and despair—the offer was proposed at this very crisis, and he immediately accepts it, determined on vengeance. No inducements of plunder, no partiality or proneness for iniquity, as *Iwan* hints, influenced him on the occasion; for his mind was entirely abstracted from every human concern, and fixed upon his unlooked for, and as he conceived, unmerited disappointment and punishment.

Iwan finds fault with the soliloquy on suicide and the reasons given for declining it. I do not mean to justify the passage, but if it is to be considered censurable, let not all the anathemas fall upon the head of *Schiller*. No one will discover a difference between this and *Hamlet*'s famous speech to the same purpose. They contain precisely the same reasoning; yet I never heard that any attention was excited by the latter from any of *Shakespear*'s numerous commentators as to apprehensions of any bad effects resulting therefrom.

He allows that the character of *Francis de Moor*, is pretty well supported throughout. A higher encomium than this may certainly be claimed. It is so admirably, so uniformly the same; it occupies so much of the piece and is productive of such good consequences that I have been undetermined whether the author did not mean to make him the principal person in the drama. *Francis* displays a great variety of character, to accomplish his purposes which are always detestable; he discovers unlimited versatility of temper, and an accurate knowledge of the passions and foibles of men.

I must here beg leave to differ diametrically from your correspondent, as to the consequences of representing such characters on the stage—I had always understood that conclusions the very reverse were drawn by every one from such exhibitions. I am unacquainted with one good tragedy that will not be answerable if his principle is admitted: The fatal consequences of an improper indulgence of any passion has ever appeared to me to form the basis of every tragedy of note, particularly of *Shakespear*'s; and for what end? To terrify and deter from imitation.—As to his fears of the contagious quality of absolute vice, I apprehend he has not duly considered the subject; but is confounding it with that species which is recommended and softened, by an association with some virtuous qualities, and peculiarly circumstanced, as is exhibited in Charles de Moor. I cannot conceive that any one ever has imitated, or ever will, the actions of a *Nero*, or *Richard the Third*, smitten by any love for the attractions of their characters—we can have no idea of such consequences, and if the writer's fears were actually to be realized so as to produce a reformation in this respect, the very essence of good tragic composition would be destroyed. What are the feelings excited by such conduct as that of Francis? horror and detestation. It is impossible we can ever become familiar with such vices and enormities, or be tempted to an imitation of them, from beholding their representation, merely. Your correspondant observes, that I have wisely declined entering into an examination of *Amelia*'s character: The fact is I considered it as a very subordinate one, compared with *Charles* or *Francis*, and my intentions were not to be too minute in an essay of that description; however, as he has thought proper from a strange mode of selection, to bestow more time upon her than the others, I shall take occasion to say that I think him equally unlucky and unsuccessful in this attempt, as with others. What conduct of hers merits the appellation of a virago, and what incongruity appears is totally beyond my ken. If a tender and endearing demeanour towards the father of her *Charles*, if grief at the misfortunes of all three, and horrors accompanied with reproaches towards him, who she

at first suspects and then knows to be the author of the whole by the basest means, and if the most affectionate love for the memory of one she adored, constitute a character of incongruity and impropriety, then she is faulty. The part she performs is not much, but wherever we behold her she is amiable and excites our sympathy—The tenderness, the sensibility, the exquisite behaviour in the scene I before quoted, where *Moor* interrogates her about his picture, will surely rescue her from the character of a virago; and will amply justify the author for her introduction if she had appeared in no other scene.

I have thus endeavored to defend a production which has ever pleased me, and I believe the generality of readers. While I respect the motives which have actuated your correspondant, and agree with him most cordially in abhorrence of those doctrines which threatened the overthrow of religion and the happiness of society, I cannot avoid lamenting the existence of prejudices which directed against a whole nation or class of writers, would hurl the literary attempts of all, into one common vortex of oblivion. There is neither liberality or judgment to be found in this mode of proceeding, and it obviously tends to limit our means of acquiring knowledge and a correct literary taste.

A.

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued.)

About this time, the Botanical and other writings of Linneus caught his attention, and he studied them with great assiduity and delight; being much assisted in that study by his and my learned friends Dr. Campbell, Principal of Marischal college, and Dr. Laing, minister of the church of England congregation at Peterhead. Theology also he studied under the care of Dr. Campbell and Dr. Gerard. But this was not the commencement of his theological pursuits; for from his early youth he had studied the Holy Scriptures, which he justly thought to contain the only infallible sytem of Christian faith. When he went from home, if he meant to be absent a few weeks or days, he took with him a pocket Bible and the Greek New Testament: and among his papers I find a little book of Remarks on the Hebrew grammar; from which it appears he had made progress in that language.

On the fourth of June one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, his Majesty, upon the recommendation of the university of Marischal college, was pleased to appoint him Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logick. His age was then not quite nineteen; but to the gentlemen of the university his character was so well known, that they most readily, as well as unanimously, concurred in the recommendation. It may be thought, that I chose for him his way of life; and indeed I did so: but not till after he had given me the most explicit assurance, that he preferred it to every other. When I told him, that in this station he might be very useful, but could never be rich; his answer was, that he had never wished to be rich, and that to be useful was his highest ambition. His fondness for an academical life I had long observed: and, although I knew him sufficiently qualified to be a professor of any of the sciences usually taught in universities, except Law and Physick, (in both which, however, he had made considerable progress) I saw, with no little satisfaction, that moral philosophy, and the sciences allied to it, were the most congenial to his talents and character.

On being inducted into his office he thought it his duty to lay for some time other studies aside, and apply himself, solely or chiefly, to what he thought might be the business of his life. This, considering what he had already acquired of the moral sciences, I knew to be unnecessary, and told him so; desiring him to amuse himself with lighter studies, till his bodily constitution should be more firmly established. He followed my advice; but at spare hours read the best writers on the abstract philosophy, particularly Dr. Reid, Dr. Campbell, Bishop Butler, Dr. Clarke, and Mr. Baxter, author of an excellent treatise on the incorporeal nature of the human soul. When I asked whether he understood Baxter, and Butler, and Clarke's demonstration *a priori* of the Divine Existence, telling him that I had formerly thought them not a little abstruse, he said he was not sensible of their abstruseness; for that to the same modes of thinking he had been accustomed for several years: and I found by his conversation, and have since found more particularly by the papers he has left, that he understood them perfectly.

He had before this time acquired the elements of musical performance; I advised him now to apply to it with assiduity; knowing, by my own experience, that after the fatigue of study it might be an innocent and useful recreation. He did so; and learned to perform with good expression upon the organ and violin; studying at the same time the theory of the art, in the works of Pasquali and Holden; and, that he might see the theory exemplified, perusing, with wonted accuracy, some of the most elegant and affecting compositions of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Avison, and Jackson. These were the musical authors who stood highest in his esteem. The musick just now in vogue had no charms for him: he said it wanted simplicity, pathos, and harmony; and in the execution depend-

so much on rapidity of finger, or what may be called slight of hand, that practitioners must throw away more time than he could spare, before they could acquire any dexterity in it. He was delighted with the sweet and classical correctness of Corelli; and with the affecting melodies of Jackson, so well adapted to the words that accompany them: but the variety and sublimity of Handel's invention filled him with rapture and astonishment. He thought him the Shakspeare of musick, or rather the Shakspeare and Milton united; and many of his simpler songs he could sing very agreeably, enforcing their expression with a thorough base on the organ. He was pleased too with some of the antient Scotch and Welsh airs; but made no account of the quick jigging Scotch tunes, though he did not think them all equally bad. He had studied *counterpoint* and was profoundly skilled in it; I find among his papers a great deal written on that subject; and I have seen fugues of his contrivance which would not have discredited a more experienced musician. When I asked what made him think of studying the theory as well as practice of musick, he said, that, as it was impossible, without knowing prosody, and the laws of versification, to have a just sense of the harmony of Homer and Virgil, so he thought he could not be suitably affected with musical harmony, if he did not understand the principles on which it is constructed.—I shall only add, with respect to musick, that, though I recommended it to him, I would by no means do so to all indiscriminately. To such young persons as are in any degree ostentatious, or inclined, more than they ought to be, to amusement and company, I think it a dangerous study.

Though my Son was now my assistant and colleague, it was not my intention to devolve upon him any of the duties of my office; those excepted for which I might be disqualified by bad health. For I had long taken pleasure in the employment; and I wished him to be a little further advanced in life, before he should be engaged in the more laborious parts of it. My health, however, during the winter $17\frac{8}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ was in such a state, the recovery seemed doubtful; and he was obliged, sooner than I wished, to give proof of ability in his profession. In this respect he acquitted himself, as in all others. His steadiness, good-nature, and command of temper, secured his authority as a teacher; and by his presence of mind, and ready recollection, he satisfied his audience that, though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them. The talents that form a publick speaker he possessed in an eminent degree. As he could not allow himself to study any thing superficially, all his knowledge was accurate, and in his memory so well arranged, that he was never at a loss; his language perspicuous and correct, flowing easily, without hesitation, hurry, or apparent effort; his voice distinct and manly; his manner never declamatory, or ostentatious, but simple, concise, and to the purpose: and he was at all times singularly happy in recollecting familiar examples to illustrate his subject. In this last respect; I mean in passing instantaneously from one thought or image to another that was *like it*; he possessed such exuberance and correctness of fancy, especially in familiar conversation, that I have often tho't, if he had been ambitious to appear in the world as a *man of wit*, that he would not have met with many superiors. But he had no such ambition: he would amuse himself in this way, to divert me, or any other intimate friend; but could not bear to draw upon himself publick notice.

In general company, indeed, he was (though not awkward) modest to a degree that bordered on bashfulness; and so silent, that some people would have thought him inattentive. But nothing escaped his observation; though what he had observed he never applied to any improper purpose. And I have known, not any other person of his, and very few persons of any, age, who with so penetrating an eye discerned the characters of men. I, who knew his opinions on all subjects, do not remember any instance of his being in this respect mistaken. Yet so careful was he to avoid giving offence, that none, but a few of his most intimate friends, knew that he had such a talent.—I know not whether I ought to mention, that in what is called Mimickry he exceeded almost every other person I have known. But my advice was not necessary to prevent his cultivating that art. On the stage it may have its use; but in private life he knew how improper it is, and how dangerous; and of his own accord left it off entirely, with my hearty approbation. (*To be continued.*)

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(*Continued.*)

Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond what e'er they knew.
Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

I. The crude, imperfect and blasphemous ideas the nations had concerning the being, nature, and perfections of God, and the conduct of divine providence.

Man when he was first created was endued with all ability necessary to support him in the situation in which

he was placed. That he was capable of enjoying the pleasures resulting from a life of strict rectitude none can attempt to deny. If we allow that a being of the most consummate power formed man, it is not at all unreasonable to suppose that he required of him some particular specified actions, whereby he might manifest his obedience to his commands, and acknowledge his dependence upon him.

It would be inconsistent to suppose that after God had formed man he would leave him in a state of profound ignorance respecting his creator, and suffer him to take care of himself, without any exercise of tenderness towards him: on the contrary it is evident that God taught our first parents those things which were essential to their happiness. If we consider the subject in the light of reason only, the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation will fully appear, and then it is clear that God did reveal himself to the first man and woman appointing them an attention to some peculiar duties, and which must therefore be termed the first religion. From the traditions concerning the early ages found among the heathen, religion was conveyed from one generation to another, by oral relations. Thus we find a confused history of the deluge and other most ancient affairs in their writings. The belief of one supreme God was never totally extinguished in the pagan world; and in the newly discovered countries, and in the barbarous nations of America, the same doctrine is professed to have been transmitted by tradition. That religion which thus passed from one race to another gradually became corrupted; until the people had entirely lost sight of that which was delivered to our first parents. Men worshipped the sun, the moon, and the stars, and this appears to have been the most ancient idolatry. They then deified their heroes, and those men amongst them who by their usefulness or abilities had distinguished themselves from their brethren. This paved the way for all that polytheism which was the religion of the Greeks, the Romans and others.

The Greeks were the most learned people in the world: they had every advantage which reason or nature could give them: they possessed nearly all the information then upon the earth: they acquired all the illumination the most extensive erudition, unbounded capacities, and the finest geniuses could bestow upon them:—and yet many of them held that matter was the first principle of all things; some that two principles the one good, the other evil, subsisted from the beginning; all of them believed in the eternity of matter; some that it was eternal in its present form; others supposed that God was the soul of the world; and none of them seemed to acknowledge God the creator of the universe in the proper sense of the term. These philosophers, even in their most serious discourses, expressed themselves in the Polytheistic strain, and in all their writings and addresses led the people to believe those doctrines, and promoted that religion.

The worship of one supreme God was not enjoined by any of their lawgivers, and the most learned among them employed their knowledge to support, confirm, and establish the pagan system. A vulgar idea existed that there was a ruling providence, but this they divided into an extravagant number of Gods and Goddesses. Some confined this overruling providence to the heavens, whilst others believed that all, even the most trivial things, were under the care of the deity; but they who thought thus supposed that all lesser matters were committed to the care of the houshold gods and the inferior deities. What a strange heterogeneous mixture this! to us there appears no reason in it; and yet this system is considered as having been formed from the imperfect knowledge they had imbibed from the Old Testament.

How clear, how express on all these subjects are the holy scriptures! Do you wish to know when, and by what means the world was formed?—do you desire to be instructed in the history of the general deluge?—do you want proper information concerning the conduct of God as ruling mankind, as dispensing to every creature according to his own will?—it is in vain you listen to the discourses of the heathen; they do not enlighten you:—refer to Moses, the prophets, and the apostles. Know then hence that some further light was necessary than that which natural reason affords: that on the nature, being and perfections of God, and his conduct in divine providence our minds independent of revelation could form no accurate ideas.

If the gospel bestows this light does it not claim our reading and meditation?

Mr. Easy,

Agreeable to my promise, I send you a few remarks on some of the late exhibitions at the Theatre; and as I have no right to take up much room in your paper, I must confine myself chiefly to that performer whose superior talents I have witnessed with admiration and delight. That there are imperfections in *Mr. Cooper's* style of acting, candour obliges me to confess; but that they are very far outweighed by excellencies of a superior kind I am ready to maintain, whenever his claim to public favour is disputed by respectable and judicious criticks: but that microscopic criticism which is only able to discover minute defects

and trifling inaccuracies, while its feeble vision is incapable of viewing the larger masses of general beauty, deserves not to be regarded.

In the precise mode of reading particular passages, it is not to be wondered at that the best performers should sometimes mistake, when we consider that the ablest criticks and most learned commentators have widely differed from each other; but as far as I have been able to collect the sentiments of well informed men, they corroborate my own opinion of *Mr. Cooper's* abilities: that they appear to most advantage in what constitute the essentials of good acting; in correctness, just conception of the author's general meaning, accurate discrimination of the nicer parts, and in giving full effect to those striking and impassioned scenes, which were intended to operate most powerfully on the audience: that he very frequently so compleatly enters into the spirit of his author, as to confine our attention entirely to the characters represented, and make us altogether lose sight of the individual who represents it. This is, and always has been the strongest criterion of excellence; and this certainly has been felt by those who seriously observed him in *Richard the Third*, *Othello*, *Pierre*, and *Zanga*.—To his *Othello*, I think the preference must be given. It was the real *Othello* of *Shakespeare*; open, generous, frank, unsuspecting, but *perplexed in the extreme*. I thought, in the first scene he put on rather too stern a dignity: in his speech before the senate, where he relates the progress of his love, all was easy, graceful, natural and just: the manner in which his suspicion was excited, his feelings gradually roused, till at last they were worked up by *Iago* to the highest pitch of agony and desperation, was pourtrayed with truth and power that must have created the liveliest sympathy in every bosom; but when he reiterated his demands to *Desdemona* for the handkerchief, it harrowed up the soul—I could not then see how others were affected, but was glad to relieve my feelings by recurring to my previous knowledge of the whole being a fiction; and I have since learned that many others were eager to do the same.

Notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of *Mr Wood's* merit, his *Iago* exceeded my expectations; he had a very just conception of the character, and if his powers had been equal to the task, he would have done it ample justice: but physical powers are to be increased by practice, and I have no doubt but that the study and diligence of this gentleman will ensure him increasing reputation.

Mrs Wignell's Juliet, was a charming piece of acting; here, she successfully exerted her powers, and would be equally successful in other chrracters with equal exertion.

I am sorry I did not see *Mr. Warren's Falstaff*, but hope to be gratified with his exhibition of it before the theatre closes. TYRO.

THE VINE.

When Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached it and said—"I will nurture you, charming plant!" He quickly brought three animals; a Sheep, a Lion, and a Hog, and killed them, one after the other, near the Vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifested in its growth. When a man drinks *one* goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly, that is the nature of the Lamb.—When he drinks *two*, he is a Lion, and says, "Who is like me?" He then talks of stupenduous things.—When he drinks more, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire. Need it be said, that he then resembles a Hog!

The other day a captain of a vessel had a quantity of coals to put on board, and as a great number lay scattered about the wharf, he thought it would be best to get a rake, that he might more speedily collect them together: he went into a counting-house and inquired of the merchant whether he could have the loan of a rake for a few minutes? the merchant smiled, and looking significantly round at his clerks, said, I believe I have a number of them, but not one that will readily answer your purpose; the captain comprehending the pun, very wittily replied, I think you are quite right, sir, for neither of them, I suppose, would wish to be hauled over the coals.

A prating barber, who asked king Archelaus how he would please to be shaved? answered, *In silence*.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy will oblige a constant reader by inserting the following.

Fam'd *Beaux* of *Baltimore*, to you,
My first address most sure is due;
You—whose endeavors—(ever kind)
To erradicate from female mind,
The *seeds* of folly,—or perchance
The *trees* you'll call 'em, to enhance
Your merit, in the attempt t' erace
Them out, and occupy their space;
The petty foibles of the age,
The gross extravagance, and rage
For dress, for balls, and for the theatre,
Which the engrossers of the mind are.

But to give merit all its due,
And to sound judgment find a clew,
Let's first attend to criticism,
And after that, give our decision.

" Behold" cries *Miss* " these able painters,
" Are daubing us with liberal censures.
" Say that to literature we've not
" The least attention paid—no jot."
" But if we had—and should make use of 't
" In converse with 'em;—what abuse on't
" A set of triflers all, who think
" That if *but deeply*—they should drink,
" Whether 'tis of the spring Pierian,
" Or as the fact is—old Genevian,
" It matters little—For with them
" Knowledge, or want of't is the same;
" A stupid set of blockheads, who
" Have no ideas—(I swear 'tis true.)
" Above the proper disposition
" Of neck-cloth—where the rope of hangman
" Would better suit 'em—yes in troth—
" An exaltation coming forth,
" If from premises we but draw
" Conclusions logical;—and law
" In execution, sides with justice,
" Their fate, alas, most certain curst is.—

" Hold, you are warm," *Miss Prudence* cries,
" To argue cooly, were more wise,
" They'll say 'tis malice or revenge,
" That tempts us thus our cause to avenge;
" Produce them all upon the carpet,
" Severely punish their demerit,
" And no allowance make for those,
" Who handle us so oft in prose.—

" First let us look at home-made beaux,
" Each to his watch-key something owes,
" Stalks into drawing rooms and then
" It would be well—if soon again,
" They strutted off and nothing said,
" But march'd them quiet home to bed.—
" Discussions upon plays, and weather,
" Balls, concerts, flowers, caps or feather
" Blund'ring and stam'ring through the whole,—
" At last feels conscious,—ah! poor soul—
" Of power to please, because we smile,
" At his endeavours prov'd futile.—
" But other kind of beaux we find
" Not easily to be defin'd:
" Give me some credit for my pains,
" In searching through your depths of brains.
" That you are not in vain created
" I'll try to prove, though 'tis suspected.

" The task is difficult—so be it,
" Ceiska is a man of spirit,
" And from his *usefulness*, claims merit.
" Has learnt backgammon, can pronounce
" (By movements at this game) your sconce
" Solid, or hollow like a drum;
" Move deuce—ace wrong, and you'r undone.
" At whist too, perfect—all the rules—
" At tip of tongue, and vows your fools
(" If one false play you ever make)
" And says, by Jove, he'll undertake,
" To prove't by Hoyle,—and then your hurl'd,
" An exile from the *learned world*."

But think not here we mean to *haul* up,
A group of neuters bring the rear up,
" Many of them are apt at quoting,
" But with the others go for nothing.

" Some foreigners deserving notice,
" Who pour their criticisms on us,
" Who can't descry one single merit,
" In works of others; but inherit,
" From the soil they spring, a mind diseas'd
" Which here is never to be pleased;
" Attack our theatres, and actors,
" Call them poor—paltry—mumming factors;
" Even our *Roscus* cant escape
" Their vengence—all avow their hate—
" Crito, with spectacles, the critick—who
" Cries up an emphasised—*do*—
" Had better undo, what he's done—
" And, *do* no more, but stay at home."

Now, let some other one defend;
The beaux, from castigating hand;
I cant in justice interpose,
To save them from those many blows—
Of due correction—but declare
All those who like the cap may wear. P.

May 12.

EPIGRAM.

" Brother bucks your glasses drain!
" Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."
' Never fear—'twon't reach my *brain*.'
" No—that's true—but 'twill your *head*."

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